

## Full Bred Ape

Chris Travis

Got a bitch, taught her how to play fetch - throw  
Bought some real, she was talking out the Metro  
And I train these niggas like it's Petco  
You my son that you know I can't let go  
Imma full bred ape when the bank close  
Know some full fed hoes with they breasts blow  
Know some real ass niggas that'll never fold  
And I can never let 'em down like I told you so  
Don't speak upon, say you heard it through the grape vine  
Bitch I love my life so much that I don't waste time  
If you with that fake shit, you can stay on this side  
Big flip, long clip, if you stay on that side  
I'm the real, keep it true, nigga never turn blue  
Had some snakes in the grass, grab that ass and let loose  
Hit the brakes, swerve the gas, but just hope they catch you  
I'm a break hell fast for the day I met you

(Shoutsout to... west coast, shoutsout to west coast, ay, hold it down for the best smoke, uh. Shoutsout to west coast, hold it down on best smoke... Do ya dance, bitch I came in, bitch I came in, uh)

Bitch I came in, they like, "Kenshin, do ya dance?"  
I'm a rockstar baby, Imma break the bands  
I'm a South nigga but I love it in the West  
Smoke good, eat good, nigga nothing less  
Fuck good, sleep good, still think 'bout the check  
Used to be in middle school taking up the desk  
Now I'm in the fucking bank, taking up a check  
You can do the same thing nigga, fuck the rest...